THE LILY

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

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THE LILY.

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From the Western Advocate.

Do they Miss me at Home.

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me,
'Twould be an assurance most dear
To know that this moment some loved ones
Were saying I wish he were here;
To feel that the group at the fireside
Were thinking of me as I roam;
O yes, 'twould be joy beyond measure,
To know that they miss me at home.

When twilight approaches—the season
That ever is sacred to song—
Does some one repeat my name over,
And sigh that I tarry so long?
And is there no chord in the music
That's missed when my voice is away;
And a chord in each heart that awaketh
Regret at my wearisome stay?

Do they set me a chair at the table,
When evening's home pleasures are nigh;
When the candles are lit in the parlor,
And stars in the calm azure sky?
And hen the "good nights" are repeated,
And all lay them down to their sleep,
Do they think of "the absent" and waft me
A whispered "good night" while they weep.

Do they miss me at home—do they miss me,
At morning at noon and at night?
And lingers one gloomy shade 'round them,
That only my presence can light?
Are joys less invitingly welcome,
And pleasures less hale than before,
Because one is missed from the circle;
Because I am with them no more?

ANSWER.

Do we miss thee at home?—yes we miss thee,
Since the hour when we bade thee adieu;
And prayers have encircled thy pathway,
From anxious hearts loving and true,
That the Saviour would guide and protect thee
As far from the loved ones you roam,
And whisper whene'r thou art saddened,
They miss me—they miss me at home.

The shadows of evening are falling—
O, where is the wanderer now?
The breeze that floats lightly around us
Perchance may soon visit his brow,
O, bear on thy bosom a message:
"We are watching—oh, why wilt thou roam?
The heart has grown sad and dejected,
We miss thee—we miss thee at home."

☞The damps of autumn sink into the leaves and prepare them for the necessity of the fall; and thus insensibly are we, as years close around us, detached from our tenacity to life by the gentle pressure of recorded sorrows.—LANDOR.

☞Hope is like a bad clock, forever striking the hour of Happiness, whether it has come or not.

For The Lily.

OUR JOETTE;

A Stray Patch from Aunt Hannah's Quilt; Or, Record of the West.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

CONTINUED.

In a loathsome cell, rank with the foul odor of days, months and years, disgusting in its accumulations of dust and cobwebs, almost suffocating for want of air, which scarcely found its way through the manifold doors between the close grates of his cell, groaning upon his hard bed, lay Frederick English, wearing away life, with an anguish worse than the chained vulture gnawing at his vitals"—a full realizing sense of the blessings he had lost, made doubly pungent by the harrowing recollection of the crimes he had committed.

Six years of his wretched life had gone by—he was pale, haggard and worn; yet he had not become stupid as many do who are thus deprived of all that makes life beautiful or desirable—those who are made idiots through miscalled public justice, by the stern but sure torture of the law.

When will a civilized country, boasting of its high humanity, christian charity and world-wide philanthrophy learn that it is inhuman to the last degree, to punish the offenders of society *"for life."* When will the people speak out, with tones that shall reverberate through the whole earth, that they will no longer tolerate the making of poisons that shall put a "devil into men's mouths to steal away their brains?" When will it be no longer lawful and reputable to trade in those most direful beverages, which turn good men into demons, and then when they have accomplished some hellish work—when they have carried out to the end some diabolical mania, seizing them and incarcerating them in jails and dungeons, and condemning them for years after—for life—to a slow, wasting, ignominious torture; besides which, when rightly considered, the torture and the rack of the inquisition, which lasted only for an hour, a day, or at most a week, seems almost sweet and tender mercy. Shutting the athletic and joyous life in dens and cells, putting the bounding spirit under the lock and key, with no hope. Compelling the hands to labor for the State, to pay salaries to judges and statesman, who themselves, are often lost in the same debauchery that despoiled the convicts of their manhood, and only following a little short of their crimes.

Yet there he lay, alone, alone, *alone*. He would hear no voice of man, all that long day. No book, no work, no play, all alone with his own dark thoughts. He pondered over all the hours of the past, of Juletta, her patient kindness, her forbearing love, her meek, long suffering, and then of her dreadful death—for he still supposed he had killed her. He thought, too, of Joette, of Willie—where were they—who had provided for them in these six long years, while he had toiled early and late, earning each day what might have reared them in competence. Then come the bitter thought flashing through his brain like a stream of searing lightning. "I should have died a drunkard ere now—it is better as it is." *If it was here to end*—but, oh! God!—for life—oh! but for a month, a week, a day—that I might learn their fate! The wretched man covered his face with his hands, and leaning his head upon the filthy pillow of his pallet, wept aloud in his agony.

The watch passing by, paused by his grated window, and looked in upon him, and heard the expression which his black despair had forced upon him. "Oh! God"—for life—if it was ever to end—oh, but for a month, a week, a day, that I might learn their fate. He passed on, but the incident impressed him deeply, for he was a humane man.

He knew English had been considered a very exemplary convict—one who was never remiss in duty—had heard him spoken of as intelligent beyond the common mass. He knew, too, that he had heard the feeling expressed, that he should not have been so severely adjudged and condemned—that the man he killed was himself a gambler and a murderer, and would probably have killed him in the contest, if English had not been successful in the first onset in the affray. His heart was moved, and in an incidental conversation with the warden, he mentioned the circumstance.

The warden, too, had noticed the man, and had long since felt interested in one so apparently intelligent and neat, and gentlemanly—so wholly bowed in despair.

A few weeks after, during the hot months, a fever broke out among the convicts, that for a time seemed likely to give release—the relief of death to the whole. English escaped the disease, but his faithfulness, and his untiring kindness as a nurse among his fellows, occasioned him to be brought to the notice of the governor by the officers and physicians of the prison, as one deserving of mercy. The Governor readily granted the boon asked, and he was set at liberty, after six years of confinement and hard labor.

He went forth a bowed and broken man; though but thirty-eight, he looked to be twice that age, his head was gray, not with years, but with sorrows, and his heart sore, blighted and withered with crime. Thus he stood once more, upon the banks of the Mississippi, looking down into its turbid waters with pale face and sunken eye, pondering in his own mind the future.

What should he do—where should he go—how eke out the miserable remnant of his days? These were questions that stirred his brain almost to madness. He would have sought out his old home to ascertain the fate of his children, but he dared not, lest he should again be thrown into prison *for life*. Even if he should escape, were it not better that his children should never know that he was living. Afar off, under an assumed name, he might labor for them, and do them good. A steamer from above neared the landing, his resolution was taken. He went on board as a deck-hand, and worked his way to New Orleans again, and from thence to Texas, and in an obscure country place, among a people half savage and half civilized, he hired himself to a frontier trader, as a clerk and assistant. His intelligence soon secured him respect. The secrets of his life were of course hid in his own bosom. He steadily resisted the temptation to drink that beset him on every side. A life of sobriety, of earnest la-

ber for himself, and a constant opportunity and effort to do good, with the hope of laying up something for his children, restored him to a partial cheerfulness. His buoyant nature lifted itself above the past, and he had days and weeks of comparative cheerfulness. At the expiration of two years he married again, supposing himself a widower. His second wife was the daughter and widow of two of the wealthy men of the country; and Frederick English found himself possessed suddenly of wealth, power and influence.

Life in the open air, returning cheerfulness, and the consciousness of trying to do well; had changed the pale haggard discharged convict back again to something of his former self. He was gray-haired and looked old for his years, but still a good looking man, and when he compared himself with those around him, he grew to feel that even his dark life was not the darkest of all—so dark and horrible had been the career of many who had made their homes in Texas.

A few weeks after his marriage, as he was lounging in the bar room of the only hotel, with a party of strangers, he thought he recognized one of them as a man he had seen at work for uncle Joe.

His heart beat hard and strong—a thousand recollections rushed upon him, but he mastered himself with a strong effort, and gradually drew from the man what most of all he desired to know, the fate of his family. He professed to have come from Ohio, a long time ago, and astonished the man by telling him he had lived in such and such places, and known certain people whom the stranger had known, and thus learned many particulars that were of deep interest.

At last he summoned courage to ask, "and what has become of the old family at Sycamore Hall. He listened, apparently unmoved. to the recital of the fate of uncle Joe, and the marriage of Jerusha. Not a word came of Juletta or her children. At last he enquired with a husky voice and averted face, stooping as if to gather something at his feet, "what became of the young sister that married?"

"Oh! the one that married that drunken vagabond, that tried to kill her, and then set his house afire, and jumped into the river?" asked the stranger.

English gasped for breath, got up and went to the door, and stood his back to the man, while he forced himself to say, "aye, yes, I believe she did marry; I knew her at school, in ———. Did he kill her, did you say?"

"No, he only thought he had; he knocked her down, but she wasn't much hurt. Uncle Joe took her home, and she and the children have lived there pretty much ever since. He did mighty well by her in his will they say. she's keeping a school there in the town."

English heard no more. Staggering and faint, he rushed out into the open air, into the dark night. The emotion was overpowering. Juletta alive, and he redeemed from the terrible consciousness of being a murderer—a murderer of his own wife. He could have shouted aloud in his joy, but for the consciousness that he was wedded to another—another who loved him and trusted him, and toward whom he had never meant a wrong. For an hour he paced back and forth through the cold chill air. The discipline of 6 years had taught him strong self- control, and he at last returned and renewed his enquiries, and gleaned the whole truth, and when he returned to his home, at a late hour he was a far happier man than he had been before for years. He knew that his confinement in the penitentiary gave Juletta a divorce. She had long been buried to him—he knew that she could never love him or live with him again—and while his soul rejoiced that it was not stained with her murder, he resolved to remain with his Texan wife, and under his assumed name, and altered guise, to elude all observation, and be unto her kind and faithful to the end. Juletta was alive, and well to do, and it would be better, far better, that neither she nor his children should ever know that he lived.

Frederick English had never been a man of high and noble moral perceptions. His parents had not laid the foundation upon which to rear a good superstructure of virtue. One more truly conscientious would have been truly miserable under the circumstances that surrounded him. But English was not. His wife was a gay, dashing woman, and his disposition and character was well suited to hers, and they were as happy as such natures could well be.

And here we will leave them and return to our Joette,and her patient struggling for the benefit of others—her noble heroism in conquering herself, and the strongest passion the human heart is ever doomed to wrestle with.

TO BE CONTINUED.

For the Lily

Miss Florence Nightingale and the Crimea.

An editorial article in Harper's Monthly Magazine for July, 1855, relating to the above named lady, and her conduct in the Crimea, deserves mention—more particularly that portion which reads as follows: "Certainly we should have observed and read to very little purpose, if we had not long ago felt that there is something in the condition of modern society which bears very severely upon woman. The civilized world is purely Hindoo in its social organization."

Such a truth, from that journal, is worthy of notice for a number of reasons—among them, and not the least remarkable, is the fact that the "conditions" of society so condemned, are the very conditions which that journal has most zealously labored to maintain; and if not as remarkable, it is comfortably cheering to the Woman's Rights agitators, that such obstinate sinners are forced to confess their convictions, and place themselves among the hopeful candidates of repentance.—That is not all which is good to be derived from that article. It furnishes a text fruitful of reflection, and abundant in the topics of association with the rights of woman.

The aim of the article was to commend the course and conduct of Miss Nightingale in the Crimea—the only person of English origin having any part in that expedition, who seems to have met with commendation from any quarter. Her career was found to be so different from the one daguerreotyped in the theology and etiquette of that journal as the only sphere of woman, that it could not be approved within the lines of that sphere. Hence, for once, it religiously foregoes its creed, and attempts to excuse her apparent eccentricities, by denouncing the doctrine of spheres, and in so doing it owns up to the causes of complaint lying at the foundation of the Woman's Rights agitation.

It sees in Florence Nightingale, directing the hospitals at Scutari, and battering down storehouses and doors, contrary to the orders of stupid officials in pantaloons, much to admire. It finds in her career, even though marked with disdain for the social customs around her, every thing lovely. To use its own language, "not a spectacle which saddens, but inspires." And it truly remarks, in view of that spectacle, "every noble man thanks God for the sight."

The cause of that thankfulness is not simply because of the deeds of humanity performed, nor because they have been done by a woman, nor because that woman was Florence Nightingale; but more because that woman arose "superior to the society in which she moved in England." Not superior in the virtues of charity and kindness over many of her sex—not superior in her desires to do good, or in her power and capacity to accomplish, but superior in the moral courage of daring to break over the conditions which she found placed around herself, in common with her sex.

It is that daring which, more than any thing else, inspires admiration. To appreciate it fairly, we need to comprehend fully the power and despotism of those conditions, and the unrelenting rigidity of their enforcement. We need to bear in mind their ubiquity, co-extensive with civilization, as well as with the savage and the barbarian. We should not lose sight of another fact, that as a despotism, they are unique, at least in some respect. Other despotisms are local and variable.—Their subjects may gain, or lose, in the change of despots, and sometimes escape altogether, through the vortex of revolutions. They may sometimes profit by personal kindness, and avoid the penalties of transgression through relenting sensibilities. The force of those conditions can be comprehended only by those who have felt its irresistible realities. It is commendable for a woman to aspire to a worthy place in society. It is proper for her to be ambitious to be an accomplished woman—perhaps a fine lady—in the estimation of magnates of both sexes. Now around such a place, society has placed certain conditions, and exacts in all cases scrupulous compliance. First and foremost in the way of discouragement, she must not labor in any calling useful, for a livelihood, or which may contribute to the substantial comfort of herself and connections. That is not all. She must not know how to labor in any material calling, or how even to manage and direct the labor of others. In short, she is expected to do nothing and know nothing of useful occupations, but must make herself beautiful and accomplished in her very ignorance. To do is to be vulgar, and to know is not much better. To such an extent is this superstition carried, that the most painfully ignorant Council of Know Nothings that the spirits of light or darkness ever congregated, is an assemblage of fashionable ladies of ultra fashionable society.

An illustration of this: But a short time since a paragraph went the rounds of the newspapers that there was a woman in Indiana—her name and residence was given—who owned and managed a large farm left her by a deceased husband. She was represented as an accomplished farmer, understanding and directing all her agricultural operations, and able to converse of stock and crops equal to her compeers of the other sex, and yet—what was treated as the strange part—it was said she was a beautiful and accomplished lady. It was a wonder with newspaper conductors, and probably with many readers, a woman a good farmer, and still an accomplished lady!

This woman, without knowing it, and by the simple operation of taking care of herself and her property, has made herself a heroine. True, she did not, like her sister Nightingale, hazard her life and health—she did not venture her personal safety, bnt she did, like her, dare to rise superior to the society in which she moved, and thereby became alike heroic. She, too, presents "not a spectacle which saddens, but inspires;" and in like manner every noble man thanks God for the sight.

This last example indicates that we have not yet touched the true philosophy of the admiration and thankfulness awakened by Miss Nightingale's career—at least we have not penetrated to the essential elements to which, as a source, they are to be traced. Though necessary accompaniments, neither the physical nor the moral courage; neither the indifference to the personal dangers, nor the disregard of the conditions of society, constitute that source. The same energies and the same courage might have been displayed after the manner of Mr. Gordon Canning, in slaying wild beasts in Africa, but they would not have aroused the admiration and thankfulness of noble man. Administering relief to human sufferings in the Crimea, was a necessary part of the nobility of the deeds done, but by no means the great element of the existence of that nobility. Had there been no suffering, except there, arising from peculiarly selfish and stupid administration—had every thing elsewhere moved efficiently on, as though in the way of an All-wise direction—were there nowhere else the hungry wanting food; the naked, clothing; the exposed, shelter; the sick and the imprisoned, solace and attention, men might have admired, but they would scarcely have stopped to thank God for any thing Florence Nightingale was doing.—Had there never been any mal-administration of human affairs, except in the Crimea. Had there never been any suffering from degredation and want, from disease and death elsewhere? Had not the selfishness and corruption of man always marked in misery his fellows in every organized society? Were there no human strata capable of cultivation, and the production of human happiness, sunk beneath the surface, which never yet saw the sun-light, men might admire the heroine, but their feelings would scarcely have been amplified into general gratitude.

The true philosophy of such emotions is found in the fact that while all the human family suffer, only one-half are allowed to attempt the remedy. and while the great share of this suffering is direct-

ly traceable to mal-administration, the other half, with more virtue, equal natural intelligence and far superior administrative capacity, when comfort and happiness are sought, are forced to be passive sufferers or helpless spectators. This is the Hindoo part of the organization, the disregard of which gave Miss Nightingale justly so much eclat.

Our limits will not permit the carrying out of this idea in its full extent. We must be content with a few suggestions.

As a question of political economy, the strength of a natian depends not so much upon the number of its people, as upon the practical intelligence and moral energy of individuals, and that nation is the strongest, which is composed of the greatest number in proportion to the whole, of individuals; and that nation is the strongest, which is composed of the greatest number in proportion to the whole, of individuals of intelligence and energies, equal to the task of government, and who are at the same time vested with the ultimate power of government. Hence our nation, with half the number of people of the other first class nations, stands in the front rank. The materiel of national power is not with the civilized as with the savage, in the number of fighting men who can be brought to the field.

The wealth of a nation, more than its strength, depends upon the same principle. Individual industry is the great source, and to be productive, must be intelligent. We can readily understand that a nation in which one half are intelligent producers, has more of the elements of wealth, than where only one-tenth are of that class; and that as you increase or decrease the active industry of a country, and the numbers engaged therein, you increase or decrease the elements of wealth.

The power of a nation to protect life and liberty and aid in the "pursuit of happiness," still more depends upon the same principle. It will not be seriously disputed, at least in this country, that our government secures those ends in greater degree than any other; and that its excellence in that respect, is solely attributable to the fact that its powers are distributed among so great a number, compared to the proportionate numbers in other forms of government; and the most conceivably perfect organization would be to have every adult individual sufficiently intelligent and virtuous to understand and appreciate all government questions, and each in possession and exercise of equal ultimate power. We could then all alike see the folly and absurdity of any arrangement which should shut out from the exercise of that power, one half of the equally intelligent and virtuous. And yet that is what the best of the civilized world have always done. That is just what we are now doing; nay, more, the half shut out, we agree is the better half. And because we do so, and because the rest of the world do even worse, and because as a sequence thereto, want and suffering and misery follow, Miss Nightingale and the farmer lady of Indiana, by wholly disregarding our foolish and despotic arrangements, command our admiration. Each presents "not a spectacle which saddens but inspires," and every noble man thanks God for the sight. SENEX.

For the Lily.

Every Day Scenes in Country Life.--No. 5.

BY META MILWOOD.

"There are five of us, grandma—Eddy can eat cake," said a little bright eyed boy, as he held the corners of his clean check apron, and carefully counted over the four heart-shaped cookies, which the good old lady had deposited there.

"So there is—I didn't think of the wee one. Well, the baby shall have a cake, too," and another was added to the number.

The tiny fingers eagerly clutched the folds of the apron, and the little feet moved rapidly in the direction of home. Not stopping to open the garden gate, the little fellow scaled the wall, and was soon lost to view.

"I shan't have enough for tea now," said mother, as she returned the plate to the cupboard shelf, but it's no matter, I can't deny little George; he reckons on something every night when he comes from school.

"Meta," said my father, "what do you think your mother reminds me of?"

"I don't know, indeed, father," I said, "unless it be a faithful and kind wife and mother."

"Oh, yes, always—but that was not what I was thinking of now. She is just like an old bird—always busy to get something to fill every open mouth in the nest, and she always has a great brood around her. It seems to me that she cooks quite as much as when our children were at all home, and yet it don't get old, though there's only two of us. She'll bake up a great lot of pies, cakes and gingerbread—enough to last us a month, and in a few days it's all gone; and then she goes at it again."

"O! well, father, I know you don't grudge it to 'em, the poor things, and it ain't much trouble to me—I'm used to cooking," replied mother, as she lifted the bright pewter teapot from off the cooking stove, and wiping it carefully with a napkin, placed it upon the braided straw mat on the tea salver.

"Come, Meta, call Willie and Jenny, and sit down, right in your old places—Jenny beside of grandpa, you know." How homelike it seems to have you all with us once more, and here, another little pet, little Meta, shall sit right by grandma. There, now, fold its little hands while grandpa says grace."

O what a crowd of associations thronged my mind as I listened again to that loved voice pleading in low, reverent and tremulous tones for a blessing upon our evening meal. The bright happy days of childhood and youth were before me, and then came the hour of mingled joy and grief, when I first went forth from the paternal roof, to scenes untried, followed by a parents blessing. I seemed to review in one short space, each scene of trial and of triumph, of joy and of sadness through which I had passed until I returned a lonely widow with two helpless ones, and was received with open arms by the loved guardian of my infancy, and my little ones cherished with a more than parent's care, from where I had again gone forth to a different destination. The strength of my emotion nearly choked my respiration, and the tempting delicacies prepared with so much care by the maternal hand, remained on my plate untasted.

"Look, grandma!" says Jenny, "see, little Meta has pulled your work basket from off the stand, and scattered the nice patch work over the floor.

"Oh! the little rogue! We'll pick them up, Jenny, and I will put them up higher."

"Please let me look at them, grandma!"—(Jenny was a privileged character, for she was born there, and nourished like a tender plant, until transplanted to a less genial soil.) Who are they for grandma?" They are for poor Mrs. Edson, dear—she has five little children, and of course can't get much chance to sew, and so I thought I would piece her a nice quilt, and then make a quilting and finish it up for her. I hav'nt forgot, Meta," she added, turning to me, "how thankful I used to be for such favors when I had a family of little children, and yet I was never so poor as Mrs. Edson. I've always been blessed with enough to make my family comfortable, and now I have a little to spare for the comfort of others, for which I am very thankful." But Jenny, grandma is going to make another quilting; who do you think it is for?"

"I don't know—is it for me?"

"No, dear, it is for the home of the Friendless in the great city of New York, where there are a great many children who have no parents to care for them, and I want each of my grand-daughters to contribute a piece of patch-work, with her name written on it, and then you shall all meet here with your little friends, and have a quilting."

"How delightful," exclaimed Jenny, dancing about the room. How soon shall we meet, grandma?"

"I will let you know; I must finish Mrs. Edson's quilt, and help Mrs. Sprague fix up her children for winter first."

But this last benevolent object of her benevolent heart was never fulfilled. A few weeks later, and her aged partner was suddenly stricken down and borne to the silent tomb, and she did not recover from the shock it occasioned. Calmly she went forward and set her house in order, and prepared to follow, and ere the snows of winter had whitened his lowly resting place, we laid her beside him.—Truly we might say of them, lovely and pleasant were they in life, and in death not divided.

Kind guardian of my infancy—blest spirits of another world—peace to thy memory!—Shade of my sainted mother, on whom has thy mantle fallen? Surely not upon thine unworthy representative; but may she who bears thy name, and in whose features thine own liniaments are traced, bear also thy noble and generous nature, and untrameled by the false prejudice which sometimes kept thee from yielding to thine own convictions of right, go forth to bless and improve mankind.

FEMALE PHYSICIAN.—Miss Lydia Jane Pierson speaks as follows in the Journal of Medical Reform:

"If woman is by nature as pure and modest as man, why should a knowledge which ennobles him deprive her? To whom is a thorough knowledge of humanity, from the embryo germ to the extreme of age, through all its phases, necessary, if not to her who embosoms the germ, nurses the infant, rears the child, counsels the man, and sustains the feeble forms of age? Attending always at the bedside of sickness and pain, performing always the most irksome duties of the sick room, why should she be ignorant of the cause, the seat and identity of the disease, the issue of which depends in a great measure upon her judicious nursing?—It is utterly impossible that any case should occur wherein women might attend the other sex as physician or surgeon, so utterly and outrageously revolting to every idea and unprostitute sense of decency or propriety, as those in which daily and hourly women are subject to the presence and manipulations of male doctors. And she, in her ignorance, is taught to believe that this attendance and interference is necessary to the preservation of her life, while in ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, any assistance so rendered is highly injurious. Nature, while unswayed or undepraved is abundantly able to perform all her own work; but woman is taught to believe that she MUST be assisted by the doctor.

Where is the justness or consistency of the old established custom of teaching the mysteries of maternity and embryo life to boys who can have no need of such knowledge, and keeping woman, the sole mother, in utter ignorance of such matters? Is it possible to compute the life-long sufferings, the imbecility, the idiocy, the insanity which have been the deplorable results of woman's ignorance of herself, and of her mission and liabilities. And yet she, upon whom depends the physical and mental perfection of the whole human face, must not know how to preserve her own health, or by what means the unborn man may be affected, so that he shall prove a burden or a blessing to himself and to the world.

Mothers should think of these suggestions.

THE LILY.

RICHMOND, IND. NOVEMBER 1, 1855.

EDITORIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

COUNCIL BLUFFS, Oct. 1855.

House cleaning, preserving, pickling, and the various other cares and duties that fall to a housekeeper at this season of the year, have prevented my using the pen much of late, either for the public benefit or that of private correspondents.—However, the Lily is so well cared for by its numerous friends, that my occasional absence cannot be felt; and this is to me a consoling thought, for now that I am not jogged up by the printers calling for copy, and have not the stimulus to exertion that formerly cheered and urged me on. I feel a growing disinclination to write at all. My interest in the cause for which I have so long labored, is no way abated, but my over-tasked energies call for rest; and my attention is diverted by the new scenes and circumstances by which I am surrounded. I am glad to see that new and fresher hands are caring for the Lily, and contributing to its beauty and usefulness, and to know that as the pioneers in our cause fail in strength and labors, others will come forward to fill their places, and carry on the good work they have begun.

We are having delightful weather—as warm and pleasant as summer. A week since we had our first frost—and a severe one it was, too—and for several days it was quite cool, so that stoves were necessary for comfort, but now fires are again put out, and the evenings are so warm that we sit with doors and windows open. I notice by the papers that frosts occurred much earlier at the East than here.

Our city is just now filled with numerous visitors of the Pawnee tribe of Indians. A day or two since, as I sat sewing, a shadow darkened my window, and on looking up, I saw the faces of two Indians pressed against the glass. They stood for some time gazing about my room, and then walked off, leaving me undisturbed. I congratulated myself that I had not been annoyed by their coming within doors; for though I do not fear them, I dislike trying to talk with them, and their begging propensity makes them disagreeable visitors. They played me a trick, however, in the afternoon of the same day. The same Indians and a big squaw entered the gate, and passed up one side of the house. I sat still, with closed doors, awaiting the result of this new visit, and expecting every moment to see their faces at the windows. I felt relieved after a short time to see them pass by and go out of the gate, without even stopping to look in; but on going out the door soon after, I missed two large fine citrons, intended for preserving. They had evidently mistaken them for water-melons, and the squaw had concealed them in her blanket, and marched off to enjoy the eating. I was exceedingly vexed to lose the citrons, yet I could but laugh as I imagined their disappointment on cutting them, to find, instead of the rich, juicy melon, a dry, insipid, unpalatable substance. None of them have been near me since, though I see them all about the streets, and a number have camped on an open space a few rods in front of our house. They have no tent, but their fire is blazing brightly, and as I sit writing, their singing and laughter is clearly borne upon the wind to my ears. They sleep upon the ground, of course, and have no shelter or covering except their blankets.

The Indians who come about here, are all friendly and harmless, but they are great thieves and beggars, and like the most of their race, filthy and disgusting. None of them belong in this State—they are only occasional visitors from Nebraska. The women do all the labor, and bear all the burdens. I have seen them bent nearly double with loads upon their backs which would be thought heavy for a horse, while the lordly Indian walked beside them erect, and with no greater burthen than his bow and arrow. This argues strongly against the pretended *natural* physical weakness of woman.

I mentioned in my last letter that things were improving here, intellectually and morally. We have still greater evidence of improvement of late. A literary association has just been organized, which I trust will prove of much benefit to the citizens generally. Of course we do not expect to be favored with such lecturers as Henry Ward Beecher, Horace Greely, or Horace Mann, at present; but I doubt not this home effort will be productive of as great good to those engaged in it, as though those greater stars enlightened us: and it will doubtless prepare the way for greater things to follow, when the railroad shall have lessened the distance between us and the cities of the East.—This association, I am told, is founded upon democratic principles, women being allowed the right of taking part in the lectures and debates. I fear there are but few here who will avail themselves of this privilege, but the principle is right, and I am glad that it is adopted.

I learn that the grand jury, now in session, have found indictments against several of our merchants and grocers for selling liquors, and also against others for gambling and horse-racing.—What the result will be I cannot say, but the fact that men have been indicted for such offences in a community where hitherto vice has been tolerated and encouraged to a great extent, shows the moral progress of our people.

For the encouragement of my lady readers, I will mention what is being done by some of the Women's Rights women towards securing property for themselves in the West. A lady in Ohio writes me thus: "I have for two years past been trying to exercise my woman's rights principles somewhat, in the way of earning and operating upon money, myself. I intend this year to locate about four hundred acres of land in Iowa. Last year I bought and sold near Iowa City—did well, and probably might have done better to have kept it longer.

Another lady friend in Ohio, has secured for herself a fine farm a few miles from this city.

A kind-hearted woman in Illinois, on learning from my letter in the Lily, last summer, that women can hold property in their own right in this State, at once sent me the necessary sum to locate eighty acres for a poor girl who lives with her.—Several other instances have come to my knowledge where women residing in other States have located land in this State; and it is quite a common thing hereabouts for the women to be the owners of large tracts of land.

An instance of what woman may do for herself by persevering energy and independence of character, has been told me of a widow woman of this city. She was anxious to secure for herself a tract of land adjoining the city, but had not the means for entering it. Being unwilling to relinquish the idea of obtaining it, she entered it by pre-emption—trusting to her own powers of being able to earn the money before it came due. But fearing that it might, after all, be got away from her, notwithstanding the pre-emption, she borrowed the money at 40 per cent. interest, and paid for the land, giving her note for the money. Then she set about preparing to meet the note, and the way she did it will astonish some, and shock the over-sensitive feelings of others. She traveled about the country, among the farmers, buying up corn at twenty-five cents a bushel, and in the spring sold it to emigrants for one dollar a bushel! Thro, wet and cold, on foot, with high boots to protect her feet, this woman pursued her work, and she succeeded—the note was paid—the land is her's—and now this farm, which cost her, two years since, but one dollar and twenty-five cents an acre, is worth *one hundred dollar per acre*.

Some people here think this woman masculine, because, instead of taking in washing or sewing, or keeping boarders for a living, and dragging out her days in poverty, she dared to overstep the bounds which confine woman within a certain narrow sphere, by her own energies, and gain for herself a competence. Pity there were not more of our destitute, sorrowing sisters, sufficiently independent and courageous to follow her example.

I learn from a paragraph going the rounds of the papers, that Lucy Stone Blackwell has purchased a fine farm in Wisconsin. I hope many others of our associates and co-workers will carry out their woman's rights principles in the same way.

A. B.

The Indianapolis Convention.

The Indiana Woman's Rights Association met pursuant to adjournment, at Indianapolis, in Washington Hall, at 2 o'clock, P. M., Oct. 23d, 1855.

The President, Emi B. Swank, of Greensboro', called the meeting to order, and called for the reading of that portion of last year's minutes relative to this meeting.

The list of appointed officers was read, and a committee of three—Miss A. Way, Fanny Hiatt and Susan Massy were appointed to fill vacancies in the offices, who reported the names of Susan McKernan, Lucretia Mott, Susan Massy, Joseph Barker and Jerusha Cain as Vice Presidents, and Amanda M. Way, Treasurer.

The President being unacquainted with the names of any in the audience, requested the meeting to name the business committee, which resulted in the appointment of Lucretia Mott, Joseph Barker, Amanda Way, Fanny Hiatt, Mary B. Birdsall and James Mott, as said committee. At the request of the chairman, the committee retired.

The President appointed the following Finance Committee—Fanny Hiatt, Abbey Lindley and Amanda Way.

The resolutions adopted at the last annual meeting were read.

An excellent letter to the Convention, from W. C. Evans, of Elkhart, Ind., a lady in her 82d year, was reported and read by the Secretary.

The business committee reported a series of resolutions, which, upon motion, were received and laid upon the table for discussion during the meeting.

The President stated the object of the meeting, gave encouragement to those engaged in the elevation of women, by stating the increased thought and liberality everywhere noticeable over our State. Her remarks were extended to a consid-

erable length, were appropriate, and well received.

Joseph Barker, of Salem, Ohio, next occupied the time in behalf of the Woman's movement.—He thought that comparatively few had examined it. Some looked upon it it as a folly, some as a grievous thing, some as a great wickedness, some as a *good* thing. He looked upon it as a great, a beautiful and noble cause, and its final success as certain. His remarks were continued in an excellent and interesting strain.

At their close, a motion was made for adjournment, which, however, did not prevail.

Mrs. Swank again spoke. Said she was an admirer of beauty, a lover of truth, and a worshipper at the shrine of Freedom; and the desire of her heart was to see her country women beautiful, true and free—mentally, morally and physically.—When Martin Luther said, "Let the *common people* have the bible," the Pope said it will not be safe." Martin Luther said, "Let them try." They have tried, and three centuries of moral improvement have shown the result. Her remarks were apt and beautiful, and commanded excellent attention.

A motion to adjourn until 7 o'clock in the evening was carried.

EVENING SESSION.

President in the Chair. The resolutions reported were re-read. The President made a few brief but good and appropriate remarks, inviting general participation in speaking.

Joseph Barker was called upon, and dwelt at length upon the educational disadvantages of woman, and other branches of the reform, in a masterly manner.

Mrs. Massey was cal'ed to the chair, and Mrs. Swank spoke at length upon the general subject of Women's Rights, treating the subject explicitly and well.

At the close of her remarks, Rev. Mr. Wallace, a Presbyterian clergyman, of Washington county, arose to speak. His remarks could not be distinctly understood. He thought the lady treated the subject in an excellent manner, but wished her to explain what appeared to be a difficulty in his mind. How could women, as mothers, attend to the right of suffrage?

Mrs. Swank did not know that she clearly understood the request of the gentleman, but thought his objection seemed to imply that all women were mothers, and that all mothers had families of small children, which was not the case. But woman's first and holiest duties were those of mother and home, and we only claim that woman should feel entirely free to fill those stations for which her capacity fit her, and make all due allowances for transient countervening circumstances.

Mrs. Birdsall thought that the objection that was in the mind of the gentleman, might with as much reason be urged against *men* possessing political rights, inasmuch as it is conceded that he he has the *livelihood* to obtain, so probably at *all times* could not command time and attention to give to politics.

After a few other remarks from J. Barker, Mrs. Swank, Miss H. Way and others, Mrs. Gage and Mrs Rose were announced for to-morrow, the meeting adjourned to 10 o'clock, A. M.

SECOND DAY—MORNING SESSION.

President in the Chair. The meeting was called to order, and the Secretary requested to read the minutes of the previous sessions, which minutes were adopted by the Convention.

Mrs. Frances D. Gage, of St. Louis, Mo., was introduced, and spoke clearly, elucidating in her popular manner, various phases of the subject.

Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose, of New York, a Polish lady, was now introduced, and dwelt upon the various branches of the movement in a dignified and pleasant manner.

Mrs. Gage arose again to add to Mrs. Rose's remarks in regard to the manner of opposition, and calling upon the opposers for straight forward, manly opposition.

Mrs. Swank pleasantly remarked she thought we should not complain of misapprehension, it being only the fulfilling of the scriptures, "Let God be true, and every man a liar."

Mrs. Ernestine L. Rose spoke, dwelling considerably upon the scripture phrases so often quoted.

Mr. Joseph Barker next addressed the audience. He said the Bible has been thought to lay in the way of all other reforms. It is impossible that any man or woman could think that any part of the bible more opposed to the woman's rights movements than it did the revolutionary (?)—He dwelt upon the scriptural sentences so much alluded to.

Lucretia Mott wished to interrupt the speaker, objecting to the manner in which he mingled the passages.

Mr. Barker was not discussing the particular meaning of the passages.

Mrs. Swank, the President, said she regretted this question had taken so wide a range—that she esteemed the Bible as a holy, true, and divine revelation, and she believed that an enlightened construction of the different parts referred to, would never clash with the principles we advocate. That the principles of truth are are always consistent, and will harmonize with each other—that it was only the discord in man's mind that made the clashing. Several in the audience seemed desirous of giving their assent to these remarks.

Mr. Barker asked if this was given as the opinion of the convention, or did the President only speak for herself? The President replied that she did not presume and had not the authority to speak as the organ of society; but spoke for herself.

Mr. Barker pleasantly, but openly and boldly said that he held entirely different views.

The President replied that they (Mrs. E. B. Swank and Mr. Barker) would choose another time and place to discuss the question at issue.—Thought it was irrelevant to the business of the Convention.

At the request of Miss Way, H. Hiatt was added to the nominating committee.

Mrs. Gage moved that Joseph Barker be invited to sing the song, "There's a good time coming," and that we then adjourn, which motion was carried. Mr. Barker responded, to the great pleasure and entertainment of the audience. Convention adjourned until 2 o'clock, P. M.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

The President not having arrived, the meeting was called to order by Lucretia Mott, one of the Vice Presidents, who made a few remarks in explanation of her position in the discussion of the Bible question in the morning session; after which Ernestine L. Rose addressed the audience in that clear, logical, eloquent manner of which she is so capable—dwelling upon the educational disadvantages, the unequal remuneration, and cramped employment of women.

Mrs. Gage again spoke, taking for her text a paragraph from a Connecticut paper, on the proposed change of the constitution, prohibiting all who could not read from voting.

The resolutions brought forward by the business committee, were adopted. [The Secretary is not in possession of a copy of these resolutions; but they were only a reiteration of the principles of equal rights claimed by woman.]

Mrs. Swank offered the following resolution:

Resolved, That we recommend to the friends of the Woman's Rights movement, the organization of district societies throughout the State, for investigating and discussing the principles which we advocate, and further recommend that these Societies act in conjunction with the State society.

This called forth some remarks upon the necessity of organized action, and upon circulating petitions for the rights of suffrage, through these societies.

A series of resolutions were laid before the meeting from one of the business committee, offered by M. L. Andrews, of Ohio, but they were not prepared with sufficient care to claim attention from the meeting.

EVENING SESSION.

The meeting was called to order by the President, who gave notice that petitions requesting the Legislature to call a Convention to so amend the constitution as to no longer debar woman from the exercise of the right of suffrage. It was further stated that these petitions could be had by application at the Lily office, Richmond.

Lucretia Mott then addressed the audience, urging the necessity of practical action. Was glad that the petitions asked at once for the elective franchise. She dwelt upon the condition of European women—thought that it was in the nature of things that man should become corrupted by unlimited power over others—alluded to the many celebrated women, and of the great success of lady authors, despite their numerous disadvantages. In the English schools, during the year 1840, much advancement was made in the instruction of boys. Lineal drawing, &c., was introduced among them, while the girls, in their department, were engaged as were their grandmothers, stitching wristbands, and marking fine samplers. She paid a beautiful and well deserved tribute to Frances D. Gage, who, after battling with life's toils and cares, and dispensing the home duties with an able and a willing hand, was now in the cause of human rights an able and efficient leader. The speaker was laboring under severe indisposition, but commanded a most respectful hearing during her entire remarks.

Mrs. Gage followed Lucretia Mott, and at the close of her remarks read a beautiful poem—"Anthem of the Free."

Ernestine L. Rose was next introduced, and entertained the audience till a late hour. She said that in New York they had carried up petitions for the right of suffrage, with thirteen thousand signatures, and dwelt upon the respectful hearing that was had before the Legislature of that State.

The nominating committee laid a report before the meeting, which, after a slight amendment, was adopted, as follows:

President—Amanda M. Way, Winchester.
V. Pres'ts—Mary F. Thomas, Ft. Wayne,
Hannah J. Small, Greensboro,
Emi B. Swank, "
Mellissa J. Diggs, Winchester,
Fanny Hiatt, Milton,
M. Collins Gordon, Spiceland.
Secretary—Hannah Birdsall, Richmond.
Treasurer—Abbey Lindley, Greensboro.
Business Committee—Hannah Hiatt, Mary B. Birdsall, Emi B. Swank, Fanny E. Hiatt, Jane Morrow, Susan Massey.

The next annual meeting is to be held at Winchester, Randolph county.

For the Lily.

LETTER FROM M. A. BRONSON.

MRS. BIRDSALL:—I regret much to hear that you are ill, but hope for your sake, and the work you have assumed, that you may speedily recover and resume your labour with renewned health and energy. Perhaps the care attendant upon publishing a Reformatory paper has served to reduce your health and strength. Many I believe are now nobly contending for the right, who are laying their all upon the alter of duty. For without health all else of a worldly nature is of no avail.

Our County Agricultural Fair has just closed. Premiums were awarded ladies for success in Equestrian exercises. The measure has been popular with some who now begin to reflect. The Society could award ladies a gold eagle for riding, and at the same time award but a dollar for the best specimens of home manufacture, and generally only diplomas for the productions of women's labor, because this novelty of women riding would call in all the country round about and would raise money for the Society. So the ladies could be made a tool of to oppress others.—The very money which was devoted to this department ought of right to have been given home manufacture and other productions of industrious women. When it is decided that the art of riding will confer a public benefit, and ladies and gentleman are both offered premiums for their skill, ability and grace in riding I may favor it. But this not being the plan at present, and no benefit contemplated for this than raising money by the novelty and attraction for the wonder-loving and sight-seeing, I object on account of the degredation of the position to woman. Gentleman ride at Fairs to show their horses and take premiums upon their beasts. Ladies ride to exhibit their skill and take premiums upon themselves.

There are but a few more days intervening ere our County and State elections take place. Ere you receive this, men who are laboring for self, and men who are laboring for principle will be elevated to the highest posts of honor and profit, in the gifts of the voters of Ohio. May God prosper the latter and circumvent the treachery of the former and make them be good and true whether they would be or not. All alike are elevated to these several positions as a reward for some signal service in the cause of the party electing them, either of recent date or long standing. Yes, if a man receives from office-seekers a few dollars and goes forth and advocates in public the names of the nominees of a party, and especially if he follows up this service for a few years, why at last it turns out that the party have incured a great obligation for these services and he must be rewarded by an office. Some people think it very abusive and neglectful that there are some few who have thus labored and never been rewarded with a good fat office. But let them keep up good courage; they will get one after awhile.

Now I wonder how such ones as ourselves, who may neither vote or hold office, are to be rewarded for our labors in the great cause of Humanity. A party as broad as the world, and owning for its chief ruler the Prince of Peace; whose platform is the Bible, and whose principles are coeval with creation, and destined to triumph over death and hell! and to live when earthly principalities are no more. We have been instant in season and out of season. We have thrown our poor ability into the scale of justice against oppression and wrong. We have met the enemy and born his rebuke. We have been crushed and buffetted, gaged and stricken down. Yet as often have strugled above oppression and wrong and declared aloud and again our principles before our enemies and a scoffing world.—Never wearying in well-doing, for we knew that we advocated the right. We knew that the God of Justice was on our side, and we knew that we battled for Truth and that however crushed and emerced in wrong and error, that it would with elastic bound spring to the surface and prevail.—But for these labors the people (the oppressed) have no offices in their power to give us. No we labor for a people disfranchished and divested of all right. How helpless then we are. I expect to be rewarded! Yes, indeed I feel the reward already in a consciousness of obeying a heaven-born impulse to declare the Truth, and to suffer for for it. Yes, and another reward *I shall have.* This will will not fail me. Already I feel it creeping over me. Veiling me, drawing me, enticing me to its full fruition. Yes I shall lie down in the peaceful grave a few years sooner for having dared to plead for oppressed woman. Is not this a reward for toil, for care, for blasted hopes and for a crushed spirit? Oh yes! *"'Tis sweet to die for Liberty!"*

M. A. BRONSON.

For the Lily.

DEAR MRS. BIRDSALL:

Having read those lectures from the pen of Mrs. Swank, we could but heartily respond, How Joyful—Yes, How Joyful! If every mother would by precept as well as example, daily dress and pay due regard to the laws of her physical nature, would we not in a few years witness the result, as our eyes would behold the youth of fair and ruddy features of both sons and daughters? Then again would we not exclaim, How Joyful!

It is indeed sorrowful to look about us and behold those wasp-like figures, Lilliputians in body, Lilliputians in minds, wearing those strapless appendages, and whalebones enough to splinter up a broken limb. What! they restored to health, and as a consequence to happiness? No, never, so long as they continue to do wrong. Ah, how sorrowful to contemplate, that a form so beautiful should thus be dwarfed, heaping upon themselves misery, suffering, and deep woes; aye, drive the spirit from its shelter before its time. Again—How sorrowful! Let humanity look about them; let them see to it, that they trample not upon the laws of nature, but go and sin no more. Then how sweet to bear the creatures part, when sin and sorrow flee from this beautiful Earth—yes, when the homes of the children of Humanity have become sacred from the many intruders, War, Slavery, Intemperance and wrong of every shade. Then How Joyful! How peaceful! How Lovely! the now desolate places.

ZIDANAH.

Love one human being purely and warmly, and you love all. The heart in this heaven, like the wandering sun, sees nothing from the dew-drops to the ocean but a mirror which it warms and fills.

ZIDANAH.

For The Lily.

Letter from W. C. Evans.

To the Indiana "Woman's Rights" Association, convened at Indianapolis:

BELOVED ASSOCIATES:—The rights we claim are human rights, guarantied to us by God Himself in the garden of Eden, when He said, "Let them have dominion." This is the first law respecting the first human pair that was ever promulgated from the throne of God. From the significence of the word *them* we suppose Eve or the femenine part of humanity, to have been included in the grand charter of human rights. Thus the co-sovereignty of woman is the gift of God, breathed into her spirit by the Divine author of her being, and is therefore inalienable. She cannot part with it without distroying the essentials of her nature.—She may be deprived of the use of it, but it is still her own. It was the same almighty fiat that spoke light into existence, and from the morning of time until the present hour, has neither of them been superseded or abrogated. God spoke the word and it stood fast forever.

Can the rose change its perfume, or the rainbow its tints? Neither can man or woman change the laws of their being. Like all the laws of the natural world, they are unchangable.

This equality of woman with man, which is the horror of tyrants and the fear of the ignorant, is to most men what the handwriting upon the wall was to Belteshazzar.—Not understanding it, it fills them with terror, lest the government should pass from them. But this idea originates in their misappropriating the laws of nature. The equality of woman with man cannot in the least derrogate from the prerogratives of man, any more than Morse's telegraphic invention detracted from Fulton's application of steam to the powers of Locomotion, Each of them are a world-wide benefit to mankind.

Thus would it be with the world, was woman admitted to all the rights and privileges enjoyed by man. The different principles embodied in their physical combination, makes it highly essential that they should be united in their efforts, and harmonize in all their co-operations, from the highest affairs of State to the fire-side of the cabin.—Let love and wisdom, the two principles which the masculine and femenine represent in the world, be united in the gorvernment of the world, and what could hinder its being heavenly? Wars would cease, the clanking chains of slavery, be heard no more. No woman would perish upon the funeral pile of her husband—no infant female thrown into the Ganges to save it from the troubles that awaited it in a state of manhood; and woman would not be condemed without a trial by a jury of her peers. Permit me to illustrate this position by adducing the character of a well-ordered household, where love and wisdom preside in unity, each giving and receiving honor, "where each fulfill their part with sympathizing heart in all the cares of life and love." Such would the world be was woman restored to her lost dignity and crowned with her legitimate rights. Her harp that has so long hung upon the willows, while she wept by the bitter waters of Babylon, when touched by the celestial fire of freedom, would echo back to the throne of God the song sung by the celestial choir to usher in the Saviour's advent, viz: peace on earth and good will toward men.

May I claim your indulgence still further while I ask our opponents a question or two, viz: If woman is really the presiding angel that makes the heaven of home, "sweet home," that sages have taught and poets sung, why not enlarge enlarge her sphere by giving her a wider range where she could freely respire—dilate—extend, in full proportion, all her powers? Would not her enlarged sphere be as genial as the light and as joyous as the sunshine of heaven? Dark and dreary indeed is the pathway of human life, when not illumed by the light of woman's eye and cheered by the smiles of her countenance. Hard and rough the pillow of death if not smoothed by the kind, the affectionate hand of woman's love, as many a dying soldier at the Crimea, will testify.—Why then not enlarge her sphere?

In the dearest bonds of spiritual affinity, permit me, now in the eighty-second year of my age, to subscribe myself the friend and advocate of equal rights. WEALTHY CLEAVLAND EVANS.

Cleavland, Elkhart co., Ind, Sept., 1855.

For The Lily.

Letter from C. H. Doty.

OXFORD, Henry Co, Ill., Oct. 21, 1855.

MRS. BIRDSALL, Dear Madam:—The Woman's Rights Reform which is the radix of all reform, is in its infancy in this Eden of America. And the truthfulness of the sentiment "liberty is the fostering element of true greatness," is not realized by us, as is the vice versa of that sentence, which is accompanied with almost tangible proof.

Truly, in the white woman of the north and south, as well as her dark-hued brother and sister, whose personality is destroyed by the slave code, do we behold the blighting influence of dominion. And I have sometimes thought the condition of

the southern slave should be envied, instead of being looked down upon by the so-styled free women of the United States. Why? Because, while the southern slaves partake not of the privileges of freemen. They have not to bear the responsibilities of freemen. Whereas, the mothers, wives and daughters of this country of boasted liberty, have to bear the greater share of the responsibilities, without being allowed an equal share in the privileges. And those upon whose self-reliance and independece rests the furture liberties, honor and greatness of this nation, have become so dependent and servile that they scarcely dare assert their personality. "Do men gather grapes of thorn, or figs of thistles?"

I said woman scarcely dare assert her personality, nevertheless there are noble exceptions. And through the influence of your nobly conducted paper, and others of alike character, combined with that of individuals who have the moral courage to advocate this reform of all reforms personally; may their number be swelled to an host; that if Legislatures will not listen for the cause's sake, the will be compelled by numbers.

Speaking of the servility of woman, the foundation of which if we would discover, let us turn back to the commencement of her industrial life. Here lies the shoal on which she stranded. Here commences the long train of suffering and dependence which influences not herself alone, but is handed down from generation to generation, until dependence in her has come to be thought a virture. But the good time is coming. I behold it looming up far in the distance, when woman shall receive not only due compensation for her toil, but shall have an unquestioned right to all the more profitable employments which hitherto have been withheld from her. Tell it in Dan and publish it in Beersheba, that a few noble women have dared already to face the frowns and discard the smiles of a false public opinion, and have stepped into the professions, which man had monopolized and custom secured to him. One more step, and she shall stand upon the platform of equality with him who is now styled her lord. Then will love and wisdom stand at the helm of our national ship, to guide it safely over the rough waters of adversity, and the smooth sea of prosperity to the port of true greatness, which we otherwise never shou.d reach. Yours for the right,

C. H. DOTY.

From the N. Y. Tribune.

MONUMENT TO THE OSSOLI FAMILY.

The family of Margaret Fuller Ossoli have just erected to her memory, and that of her husband and child, a marble monument in Mount Auburn Cemetery, in Massachusetts. It is located on Pyrola-path, in a beautiful part of the grounds, and has near it some noble oaks, while the hand of affection has planted many a flower. The body of Margaret Fuller rests in the ocean, but her memory abides in many hearts. She needs no monumental stone, but human affection loves thus to do honor to the departed.

The monument was designed and executed by Mr. Thomas Carew, an artist of Boston. It is upright in form, and on its side, facing the avenue, is cut in the marble a medalion the size of life, and said to be an excellent likeness of Madame Ossoli, but requiring the right light and point of view. It is surrounded by an exquisitely carved oak wreath. Beneath the medallion is a book, denoting the litterary vocation of Margaret Fuller, and near it is seen the hilt of a sword, designating the military profession of the Marquis Ossoli, who was Captain of the Civic Guard during the Roman Revolution of 1848. Above the medallian is a star [*], which was Madame Ossoli's signature it the N. Y. Tribune, but is designed for the higher purpose of signifying that, even as the stars shine bright in the heavens when the earth is dark, so does she and hers live in brightness and joy, though on earth there are many who deeply mourn their departure. The whole is sourmounted with the cross, that emblem of the Christian faith—its trials, often its death of agony; but betokening, too, that even as Christ died and rose again and ascended to Heaven, so also shall all who love as He loved, endure faithfully as He endured, and die trustingly even as He died. There is no emblem especially designed for the little child, but near by is a marble slab with an appropriate inscription, beneath which his dust reposes. The following is the inscription on the monument:

ERECTED
IN MEMORY OF
MARGARET FULLER OSSOLI,
Born in Cambridge, Massachusetts, May 23d, 1810.

By Birth, a citizen of New-England; by adoption a citizen of Rome; by genius, belonging to the World. In youth, an insatiate student, seeking the higher culture; in riper years, Teacher, Writer, Critic of Literature and Art; in maturer age, Companion and Helper of many earnest Reformers in America and Europe.

AND,

IN MEMORY OF HER HUSBAND,
GIOVANNI ANGELO, MARQUIS OSSOLI.

He gave up rank, station and home for the Roman Republic, and for his Wife and Child.

AND,

IN MEMORY OF THAT CHILD,
ANGELO EUGENE PHILIP OSSOLI,
Born in Rieti, Italy, September 5, 1848.

Whose dust reposes at the foot of this stone.
They passed from life together by ship-wreck,
JULY 19, 1850.
United in life by mutual love, labors and trials, the merciful Father took them together, and
IN DEATH THEY WERE NOT DIVIDED.

The Tribune further copies the following notice of the new editions of "Women in the Ninteenth Century" from the *North American Review*. It says:

"No true word on the themes treated of in this volume can fail to awaken a deep interest. It come to every home with its voice of counsel, perhaps of warning. The treatise which occupies the first half of the volume whose title is given above, was published by Margaret Fuller shortly before her departure for Europe, and at that time was widely read and much valued by thoughtful persons, many of whom did not agree with its solution of one of the great problems of the age, but sympathized with its noble and pure spirit, and admired its unmistakeable genius. The first edition, we learn, was soon exhausted, but the author's absence from this country prevented another at that time, and her tragical death by shipwreck, which is so well remembered by the public, still further postponed is republication. We are now indebted to her brother, the Rev. Arthur B. Fuller, for a new edition, carefully prepared and enriched by papers previously unpublished on the same general theme. Every page is loaded, we had almost said overloaded, with thought, and the subject is one which the writer had so near her heart that it commanded her best powers and warmest sympathies, and cannot fail to instruct and interest the reader, even when there is not perfect agreement with the views advanced. There was much in the social position of Margaret Fuller to qualify her to speak wisely on this subject. Her Memoirs show her to have been surrounded by a very large circle of female friends, married and unmarried, with whom she occupied the most confidential relations. She had, too, a quick sympathy and a generous heart, which made her feel as her own the experience of others.

"The general aim of the book is to elevate the standard of female excellence and usefulness, and to point out the means by which these may be promoted, and their obstacles removed. While the writer cleary distinguishes the diversity of the sphere and characteristics of woman from those of the other sex, she would open for her every mode of activity for which she finds herself adapted, widening much her present range of avocations. The gross and selvish sentiment, seldom avowed in theory, but too often exhibited in practice, that woman is made sole for the advantage and service of man, is indignantly and justly rebuked, and woman is exhorted to live *first* for God, ever remembering herself to be an immortal spirit, traveling with man on the same pilgrimage to eternity, and preparing for that state where 'they neither marry nor are given in marriage, but are as the angels.' The marriage relation, like every other, is one of those positions which, to be filled worthily, requires one to be ever noble and holy, and should never be lightly viewed; but its duties are not all that requires the earnest activity of woman, nor can even these be fulfiled without culture of both mind and heart. Viewing marriage and the relation of mother growing out of it as of the most sacred consequence, the writer impresses us with the importance of preparing for and fulfilling these relations with the most elevated motives. And here she finds enough to reprehend in the general custom of society. Parents are too apt to shape the whole education of the daughter so as to make her attractive to the other sex, and this by the conferment of showy and superficial accomplishments, as if it were the last of all misfortunes for a female to fail of being married, and as if her fate after that event were of comparative insignificance.

"Wherever society is unjust to woman, the author is eloquent in her indignation. She severely deals with that social unfairness which makes of woman, as soon as she falls, a hopeless outcast, beyond the pale of sympathy or reformation, while the serpent who has been her ruin is hospitably received and permitted the opportunity to do more of the work of destruction, and even to make his boast of the evil he has done. At the same time she attributes this state of things to the want of a proper public opinion among women, who ought to make the seducer aware that he has fallen with his victim, and to exclude him, no less than her, from respectability.

"The views of the writer are illustrated by many shining examples, from both ancient and modern times, of true women. The author, while acknowleging the sphere of women not to be identical with that of man, does not yeld to the common notion that woman is without equal intellect, or that it is improper to cultivate it. She holds, that woman has a mind as noble as that of man, and is entitled to every fair opportunity to store it with useful knowledge, and to develope it in a legitimate exercise of its powers. In short, woman is, in her view, a *soul*, preparing for eternity, and while on earth her position should be so noble, and the employment of all her powers so definite and earnest, as to call forth what is highest in her nature, and to fit her for a sphere yet wider and nobler in eternity.

"The 'Kindred Papers,' which the editor has judiciously selected, and which occupy some two hundred pages of this interesting volume, afford not merely a varied and enlarged expression of intellectual endowment and culture, but, exhibiting as they do the author herself as an daughter and sister, then as a wife and mother, and in all other relations as a faithful and true woman—furnish a valuable illustration of her principles, and give additional interest to what she has written."

Freedom and Oppression.

SELECTED FOR THE LILY, BY ZIDANAH.

Freedom is the language of nature—oppression the language of art. Freedom speaks to us with a thousand glorious and tender voices—in the earth, the air, the ocean, the wave of trees, the flow of streams, the flight of birds, the tramp of the storm-driven surge, and the clouds that float between us and the soul-elating light of the star-flecked heavens. Morning and evening, sunshine and shadow, music, beauty and joy thrilling the heart with high and holy emotions—and humanity, at the altars of which the patriot and philanthropist are inspired with sacred heroisms, are the offspring of nature, the language of freedom. In all natures, from the tiniest life that has identity in its element, but highest and noblest in man, freedom is the first and supreme aspiration. It is the voice of God animating the universe into innumerable harmonies whose *diapason* is only broken by the discords of oppression.

Oppression is the language of art. It speaks with a thousand harsh voices of human conceit—in fraud, violence, disorder, and deceit. It is the language of fear which darkens the soul, and shuts from it the teachings of nature, which everywhere speaks the goodness and glory of God, and the godliness of untrameled, unperverted man. It is the language of weakness which forgets all but the flesh-stinging lash and fetter, and bows down to baseness and wrong. It is the languago, too, of the strong trampling on the weak, with creeds and whips and chains. Patriots, martyrs, and republics are the progeny of freedom; robbers, hangmen and tyrants are the children of oppression.—Freedom transforms all things to its likeness—the beautiful. Oppression deforms whatever it touches.

To enjoy the air, the earth, the sea—light, darkness, thought and speech, in the purity of nature, is the mortal heaven of man, into which the immortal descends, to inspire still more noble aspirations. To live, love and share only the good, the beautiful and the true, is to co-operate with God, "Our Father," in the perfect liberty which is the language of His nature, and the instinct of ours. Liberty is a principle, unalterable and eternal. Oppression is an invention, interposed but for a time, like darkness in the absence of light, to show how transcendant are all things co-existent with God.—*Spiritual Telegraph.*

THE GIRLS.

When a young man enters the arena of the world in search of a wife, he should ask three questions before entering the courtship: first, is she intelligent? second, is she kind and benevolent? and thirdly, did she ever get up before breatfast in the morning? If all these interrogations be answered in the affirmative, no other qualication is indispensably necessary; for with such a wife fortune and fame can easily be acquired. Such is the wife for the laboring man, such should be the companion of one fortunately possessed of wealth, and such should be the wife of him who aspires to the highest stations that society can bestow. All this can be easily obtained from the girl you have in view: for many boast of their indolence, and think no higher compliment could be obtained than by calling them delicate in health and feeble in mind. If she is weighed in the balances and found wanting, pass her with contempt, and look to other resources for future happiness. But marry, let the risk be what it may—it gives dignity to your profession, it inspires confidence, and commands respect. With a wife the lawyers are more esteemed, the merchant gets a bigger credit, and the mechanic throws the hammer with increased power, and shoves the plane with a more dextrous hand, in short—a man who has no wife, *is no man at all.* She nurses him while sick, she watches for him when absent, and loves and cherishes him when in health. Gentlemen, get a wife—a pretty one, if you like them best—a good one if she is to be found—and a *rich one if you can get her.* Then youth will pass in visionary pleasures, as if on a bed of flowers, middle age will be enjoyed in the bosom of a happy family, and when your head is silvered o'er with the frosts of many winters, you can reflect back with the happy consolation that you have spent your life in usefulness to yourself, and to the benefit of your fellow-man.

☞ The following is an extract from an article on Artistic Culture, in the Washington Spectator.

The development of independent, individual talent should be the aim and end of all artistic culture; and by a well graduated course of instruction, the faculty of invention common to all, but so commonly neglected, may become the herald of a new birth in national art. Hitherto Europe has chiefly supplied American manufacturers with designs, and these not always suited to their peculiar wants. But why should a people so aspiring and energetic depend upon the old world, when they possess in an eminent degree that native capacity which can mould and adopt it to its own purposes, those beautiful gifts the hand of Nature has scattered around in rich profusion.

Here is a congenial sphere for the presiding influence of woman. Her fertile imagination and delicate taste would work out innumerable forms of grace and beauty to contrast with man's bolder conceptions. A school of art is incomplete without this unity of spirit and harmonious action; nor can a system of artistic education be matured where either man or woman is excluded from participation in all the benefits it bestows.

A few schools of design have been set apart exclusively for female culture. In others, perhaps a contrary course may be pursued, but they will only perform half their work till they provide equally for the development of the manly and womanly element in art.

THE WEEPING WILLOW.—Mr. R. H., Howard furnishes the New England Farmer with the following interesting facts in relation to this beautiful tree, and the accomplished lady to whom we are indebted for its introduction among us. He says:

"I presume it is known to few that, for the weeping willows that hang their pensive boughs beautifully over the hallowed graves of the dead, England and America are indebted to the distinguished Lady Mary Montagne. It is said that while at Constantinope, whose husband at that time occupied the embassy, she sent, in a basket of figs, home to her intimate friend, the poet Pope, a sprig of the Asiatic willow. He set it out in his garden, and from that twig has come all the weeping willows in England and America.

'Lady Mary Montague was born about the year 1690, in Nottinghamshire, Endgland; she was one of the finest and most accomplished scholars of the age; was contemporary and on terms of intimacy with Hannah Moore, Addison, Pope, Steele, Bishop Burnet, and others; was the wife of the accomplished Charles Montague for nearly fifty years; at the court of George I. for some four years; resided upwards of twenty years in Italy and its neighborhood; lived at the advanced age of seventy-three, and died August 21, 1762.

To Lady Mary, also, it is said, belongs the honor of introducing inoculation for the small-pox—a practice which has annually saved many lives."

The Davenport (Iowa) Courier thus advertises a rich youug widow, who resides in that vicinity:

About one mile south of Walcot, we called at a farm-house for direction to a certain section of land which we were seeking, and most unexpectededly found ourselves vis-a-vis with a lady of high accomplishments, business habits and tallents given to hospitability, and one of the largest land owners in this region of country. Mrs. Beebe is her name, snd she is a young widow about thirty years of age, with a farm of twenty four hundred acres of land. Mrs. Beebe is a noble specmen of feminine character.—While she is engaged in the responsible duties of overseer of a large farm, she never looses the charm or manner of the true woman. She can talk of cattle, grain, the seasons and other things relating to agriculture, without any appearance of embarrassment or masculine idiosincracy. In short, while engaged in the business of her farm, her manners continue to remind you of the lady, or what is far nobler, of the true woman, By the recent death of an indulgent husband, she has been left with the heavy burdens incident to the management of so large a farm without allowing confusion or disorder to disturb the harmony of plans necessary to the proper cultivation of her broad acres.

THE PROHIBITORY LAW.—Our city was as quiet as a New England Village yesterday, and presented so marked a contrast to the Sabbaths of other days as to excite general attention. All along the line of the canal, where we are accustomed to rows and disorders, husbands were walking with their wives, fathers were playing with their children, and sweet hearts were billing and cooing in the utmost sobriety and good nature, and nobody was drunk or disorderly. The change seemed absolutely incredible.

Towards night we stepped on board of a boat and passed the whole length of the city. We did not notice a single case of Intoxication of quarreling, or even of loud talking. The Sabbath seemed to be a day of rest and social enjoyment among those who have been accustomed to use it as a day of stimulation and mad excitement. This morning our reporter has been to the police office and finds that it presents a "beggarly account of empty boxes." Such facts as these are making friends for the new law among those who have been strongly opposed to it; and we are inclined to think that an issue on that point at the election, in the interior of the state will show very different results from what the society of liquor dealers suppose.—*Syracuse Chronicle.*

☞ "Correspondent," writing from New Albany, Ind., to the Temperance Wreath, says:

"Our authorities deserve credit for the manner in which they have performed their duty. Anti-Temperance men may rave and mourn over the woful state into which the country has fallen—they may falsify as much as they please—try their utmost to make darkness light, but they will not succeed. The tide of woe and bitterness may again burst forth over Indiana, but it will not long continue. If this embankment fails, the people will rush to aid in making it stronger.

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☞ ZIDANAH—Those favors all came safely to hand. Our right hand, and many thanks to you.

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